

C. Latgher

Peel.

5 Copies

Mrs Kelly's Slough.

By C. R. Shimmer.

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MRS. KELLY'S SLOUGH.

Characters:- Mrs. Kelly. - The housewife - in the kitchen.
Mrs. Cojeen. - A woman with a very sharp tongue.
Margit. - her daughter.
Mrs. Curlett. - A "skeety" woman with glasse and an umbrella.
Nancy Mylecrane.

Mrs. Kelly(alone in the kitchen)

Well bless me heart now where hev I put yandher can of water at all? I'm batin all today - puttin things urrov me han and cant for the life of me put me han on them again- (hunts around and picks up empty can from beside the bithag crock) Well I navar! If I haven gone an' put the water in the bithag crock! Really since I got the that ~~leather~~ latther from "Ostrillier" tellin' me that oul Billy Quilliam hed died and lef me all his money I hardly know if its on me head or me heels I'm stanin. I supoose Cojeen's wife and Kirrie Curlett will be in any minute to get the newses - They'll be as excited over the money as if k it hed been lef' to themselves - and they wunt res' till they find out how much I've got. Deed but they wunt get to know ~~thaw~~ thaw - They'll get nawthin out of me - Is that somebody comin now I wondher? Aw sure enough - Cojeen's wife and Margit.

Mrs. Cojeen. (at the door shouts)
I sthere anybody in?

Mrs. Kelly. Aw yis! come in wumman (Enter Mrs.Cojeen & Margit)

Mrs. Cojeen. (shakes hands) The compliments of the season to yer (Collapses into a chair) Aw! its a res' to get sittin' - me feet is that sore - an' I'm as dry as a cendher. Give us a drink good sowl will yer?

Mrs. Kelly. Aw yis, What'll ye hev?

Mrs. Cojeen. Aw whatever you've got- is there a drop of buttermilk at yer?

Mrs.Kelly. Yes - unless you'd like a drop of something hot?

Mrs.Cojeen. No, no, batter milk will do bravely.

(Exit Mrs.Kelly to get buttermilk)

Margit. There's a terrible good smell Maa, She mus' be roastin' something.

Mrs. Cojeen. Hev a lil' sight in the oven to see before she comes back. Aisy now' dunt let her hear yer at all.

Mrs. Kelly. (Comes back with basin of buttermilk & catches Margit stooping down by the fire) Is it up the chimney you're goin' Margit?

Margit. No!No! But I was jus' starved comin' down in the cart an' Maa was stannin to talk to everybody that was passin.

Mrs. Cojeen. (takes big sups of the buttermilk and hands the basin back to Mrs.Kelly)
Thank yer Ma'am.

(Exit Mrs.Kelly with A basin.)

Margit. I wondher now wud she be roastin' a fowl for tay - she wud be expectin us I suppose?

Mrs. Cojeen. Deed I've seen the day when she wudden hev kilt a fowl for the gunner! but there'll be lashins of them goin' now its lek quen she hev gorra birrov a slough lef' to her- They'll be gotten glisther and no mistake.

Mrs. Kelly. (comes back and says) Are yer smellin anything? (Margit & Mrs.Cojeen both sniff and Mrs.Cojeen says) Well now that you've mentioned it I believe I can smell something - good it is too!

Margit. Its makin a body hungry.

Mrs.Kelly. Deed but its northin to ate thaw - its some fat I've been randherin'. We kilt the big sow las' week.

(Mrs.Cojeen & Margit exchange glances & looked drooped on)

Mrs.Kelly. An how hev yer been keepin' Mistress Cojeen?

Mrs.Cojeen. Aw well not sobad only for these rhumatics. They're a clane pes', but they'll be with me while I'm in I suppose - how are yer yerself?

Mrs.Kelly. Aw middlin'. I've hed a B bad coul on me chiss - but I've been rubbin' it with a birrov goose grease an' its gettin' batthar nice - Whass amiss with Margit at all? She's as yaller as a duck's fut - puttin me in min' of a body with the jandhers!

Margit. (indignantly) There's northin the matter with me, its only a bit of a coul I've got.

Mrs.Kelly. There's no wondher for thee to hev couls ither - for there's not half clothes on thee - pride is keepin yer warm I suppose. Betsy used to be the same, but she hev tuk sense since she's married.

Mrs.Cojeen. Aw well! thass the way with these young ones - they think they're too clavar to do as they're toul! Deed an' theres changes since we were here las' too!

Mrs.Kelly. (who sees that Mrs.Cojeen is trying to lead up to the question of the Slough says) Yis, I've hed the kitchen papered!

Mrs.Cojeen. Ay, its a nice clane paper too, but want it be bad for takin' the smook? But theres bigger changes than the paperin'.

Mrs. Kelly. Yis, Poor Johnny Cumney's wife is gone the sowl.

Mrs.Cojeen. Ay, The crayther! missed she'll be too - a dacent body very. An' a relation of thees own gone too! Oul Billy Quilliam in - Ostrillier - is it? An' lef all his money to thee!Aw well wonders navar cease. Hed'n he any childher of his own at all.

Mrs. Kelly.

No! nor a wife ither - he was livin' alone by himself out there lek a nun.

Margit.

He mūs' hev been a quare oul stick.

Mrs. Cojeen.

An' was it to thee or to Thom he was related. I min' the time he went away, a fine fresh young fella he was too.

Mrs. Kelly.

It was to mē he was related. His father's mather an' my mother's aunt was sisters.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Were they? I naver knew that before now an' I knew the Kewley gels well too, Nice lookin' gels they were.

(A loud knock is heard on the door)

Mrs. Cojeen.

Who's that at all?

Mrs. Kelly.

I believe its Kirrie Curlett thass in. I asked her too give a sight down the fuss of the week.

Mrs. Cojeen.

After newses she is I'll bet yer - there's not a thing happenin' in the three Parishes unknown to her.

Mrs. Curlett (at the door) Is there anybody in at all? There's terrible coughty steps at yer. I was jus gone on me length. There's tremenjus nise at yer (Aside) I might hev knew it was Cojeen's wife that's in - there's a voice at her that's puttin' me in Min' of owl Jenny Billy's dunkey.

Mrs. Kelly.

Come in - come in woman.

Mrs. Curlett.

Is it yerself thass in Mrs. Cojeen? (shakes hands) It's a wonder to see yer. But I'm hearin' yer passin in the cart sometimes - How are yer Margit?

Margit.

Well, thank yer, but what's amiss with yer bonnet? It's all alieu whiff.

Mrs. Curlett.

No wonder for it. I was stannin at Clucash's corner talkin' to Bobby Watterson's wife - she was tellin' me who the flash was that passed us - and a big puff of win' came and blew me bonnet up on one of Clucash's stacks, an' I hed to give one of the childher a hapenny to go up after it, for I cud naver hev got up meself at all.

Mrs. Kelly.

Dare me, an' there's straw on it yet too - I thought really it was some new fashioned trimmin' that was at yer. Take it off for all woman.

Mrs. Curlett. (taking of bonnet) Well now is'n that provokin'! I wudden hev hed that for anything - It's the nicest fittin' bonnet I aver hed. The feather is olane broke and I thought it wud hev done in many a hat yet.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Well if thou'll hev every bonnet as long as you've hed that one it's not many more you'll be wantin'.

Mrs. Kelly.

An' how long hev yer got it? I'm not much for takin' notice of peoples clothes.

- Mrs. Cojeen. Deed she hev got it six years if she hev got it a day, - Was'n that the one yer got when Katty was married?
thee
- Mrs. Curlett. Howl ~~tkkks~~ nise wumman! Do ye think ye cud put a stitch in it for me Margit?
- Margit. Let's see it an' I'll thry anyway.
- Mrs. Curlett. Thank yer chree.
- Mrs. Kelly. Here's Nancy Mylchrane comin' on the street, whass she after today at all?
- Margit. Aw it's easy known. Juan Comish is down the harbour today - she'll be on the look out for him, but she'll get lave.
- Mrs. Curlett. An dare me I hear they're terrible "Cum-cushag" an' goin' to be married very shortly.
- Mrs. Cojeen. Lies! I'll naver believe it till I see them at the altar! An' was'n he up at our place las' night?
- Mrs. Curlett. What! after Margit?
- Mrs. Cojeen. Well he was'n after me at all!
- Mrs. Kelly. Deed I wudden think worth heaven the lek of yandher bough meself - He dunt know his own min' - He hev got a rag on every bush. (Nancy knocks at the door - enters and shakes hands with everybody).
- Mrs. Kelly. How's thee mother Nancy. Hev she got done with that ugly cough yet?
- Nancy. No not very clavar at all. We hed the doctor las' week, an' he sed she hed "Brownkatis".
- All together. "Brown Katis"?
- Mrs. Cojeen. Laws bless me! Thass a dirty thing to hev.
- Mrs. Curlett. An' where hev she gorrit?
- Nancy. On her chiss.
- Mrs. Kelly. Aw, the sowl, she cuddin hev it in a wass place.
- Margit. It's a wondher yer wud lave ~~kax~~ yer mother to come trpesin' down here when she's so bad.
- Nancy. Deed it was herself that sent me. She was wantin' to know if yer could give her a sittin of eggs to put under the big black hen - she's gone clucky.!
- Mrs. Kelly. She's arley! - Aw I think I can give her the eggs right enough. I'll do me bes' anyway. But I cant give yer them today at all.
- Nancy. Aw no matter. I'll cum down again the fuss of the week.

Mrs. Curlett

The walk wunt do yer any harm - yer a bit "thrieh" lookin. The weather'll soon be gettin warmer now thaw and there'll be a nice birrov spring in the ground shortly.

Mrs. Kelly.

There was a nice mild spring las year. I'm afraid it wunt be so arly this year at all.

Mrs. Curlett.

I min' hearin' the cuckoo up at us las' year as arly as the fuss of May.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Deed but he was cookin up at our place weeks before that.

Mrs. Kelly.

You're arly up there thaw! It's nice and sheltry in the bres' of the hill. I'm feelin the cowl bad. Come in from the door Nancy gel.

Nancy

What are yer doin' Margit? Sawin? Yer havin takin to wearin' bonnets yet hev yer?

Margit.

Aw, well, mivve I'd look as well in it as you do in that one.

Nancy.

Yer needin' be so snappy. I naver meant northin. I wondher if Comaish's cart is down today?

Margit.

Mivve it is an' mivve it is'n. Is it owl Mr. Comaish yer were wantin' to see?

Nancy.

No I was wantin' to give this handkerchief to Juan. He lef it on the parlour sofa on Sunday night. He's that absent minded.

Margit.

I suppose his thoughts was somewhere else!

Mrs. Cojeen.

Now Childher, none of thee gratchin!

Mrs. Kelly.

Dare me how stright like thee Margit's gettin' Mrs. Cojeen.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Mivve she's like me in looks, but I dunt know where she hev got that dirty tung from at all.

Mrs. Curlett.

It's not hard to tell that. Daa the sowl wudden hev hurted a fly.

Mrs. Kelly.

Hurry the kettle Margit. Cum gels an help me to get the tay fixed. You'll be feelin' the want of a cup of tay.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Well I was middlin dry cummin in but I got a brave sup of buttermilk from Mistress Kelly, for we hed a stock fish dinner. Deed an' I hed a cup of tay before cummin down too to put a birrov in me to wash meself.

Mrs. Curlett.

A body needs it too.

Mrs. Kelly. (They sit round the teatable and have tea etc.) Well I'm feelin' the ooath goin' through me, and I didin get half sleep on Christmas Eve an' I hevin' got over it yet.

Mrs. Cojeen.

Deed it's few that got res' to sleep that night I'm thinkin'. The nise them singers hed was scandalous. There's carvels and carvels. But the lek of yandher I naver heard. They tuk all to themselves up at our place with their laffin and capers.

HEART

- Mrs. Curlett They should hev some owl body with them to keep them in order.
- Mrs. Kelly. An wassen the English Praecher with them.
- Mrs. Cojeen. An mivve he wudden be no bather till themselves.
- Mrs. Curlett Deed it dunt seem so long since I was singin saccons in the kire meself.
- Mrs. Cojeen. Well I cud hear Margit Ann Cubbin singin saccons las night two fields off.
- Mrs. Kelly. An' there was some fella singin high swecky tanner I thought really it was the cat that was shut in the back kitchen. An' I believe me heart thass how I got the cowl - goin' down on the cowl flags to see.
- Mrs. Curlett. What sort of a falla is the new Doctor Nancy, There's a terrible flash wife at him.
- Nancy. Aw he's terrible nice, jus' like one of ourselves comin' in the house. He gives daa some nice scented tobarker yesterday- but he was'n able to chew it at all, it was all stringy stuff.
- Mrs. Cojeen. Give him tobarker did he? Thass a wondher too - for some of the docthers is sayin' is no batter till pizen. Many is the time we hev laughed about the time that Daa was tuk bad before now, an we sent for owl Dr. Collister - an' he cum an' examined Daa an' ses he - "You'rexsm smookin' far too much Mister Cojeen, put the pipe away for a month or so" he ses, "An ye'll be a different man". An' Daa bust out laffin' for he naver hed a pipe in his mouth.
- Mrs. Kelly. Well, well, what baughned they've got. It was Dr. Collister that was attendin' Chalse too when he was bad, an' he gave him some scanlous ugly medicine an' toul me to give it him in a a recumbent position - but I hed'n such a thing in the house, so I jus' give it to him in a tumbler. I was wondherin at the time thaw if yer could hev lent me one Mrs. Cojeen.
- Mrs. Cojeen. (Not willing to appear ignorant) Deed but I believe ours was broke many a long year ago. If it was now yer cud afford to buy one.
- Mrs. Curlett. It's a blessin' when a body is not short. I cant bring to min' this Billy Quilliam at all. It mus' be a flock o' year& since he went awa;
- Mrs. Kelly. Aw well, he wudden be cummin much in you're way ither. It's close on 50 years since he lef' the Island, I was a lump of a gel at the time.
- Mrs. Curlett. An' what was he doin' in Ostrillier at all?
- Mrs. Kelly. Farmin' lek his father before him. We warn hearin' from him much The only time he was writin' was when he was gettin' somebody else to do it for him.

- Mrs. Cojeen. He done well anyway. I suppose now there wud be about a hundred saved at him?
- Mrs. Kelly. Well mivve there was -
- Mrs. Cojeen. or two hundred mivve -
- Mrs. Kelly. Well I wudden deny it!
- Mrs. Curlett. Aw Mrs. Kaymad over in Arbory that was lef' well off indeed! Did'n she get £300 from an owl uncle up in the North that she hed navar clapt eyes on?
- Mrs. Cojeen. Three hundred? An' thass a fortune! She'll be batther off till any woman in the Parish I suppose.
- Mrs. Kelly. Deed she is not for I got five hundred!
- Mrs. Cojeen. Well done yerself! Chalse will be plaised anyway I suppose, for is lek he'll be givin' up the fishin' now an' stayin at home takin' his aise?
- Mrs. Kelly. An' No! lerrim go while he can, I navar expected it anyway. He was jus' forgot at me, though there's a likeness of him in the house, an' its stright enough lek him too.
- Margit. Aw we wud lek to see that Mrs. Kelly. Willyer show it to us?
- Nancy Was he good lookin'?
- Mrs. Kelly. It depends on what yer call good lookin'. If yer think Juan Comaish is good lookin' he was'n.
- (MRS. KELLY goes out for Album)
- Mrs. Cojeen. (To Mrs. Curlett) An' to think I might hev had Billy Quilliam meself! He hed a terrible notion of me one time.
- Mrs. Curlett Navar!
- Mrs. Cojeen. An' not a hippeth else sent him away ither, but that I wudden hev him. An' he navar married ither. It went middlin' deep now. I might hev done batther if I hed tuk him, a body navar knows what to do for the bes'.
- Mrs. Curlett. Deed yer hed a good man in Daa. He hed a good word for everybody.
- (MRS. KELLY returns with the old fashioned photo album and puts it on the table and all gather round)

They all make remarks about various photographs - one fellow might be favourin' the Jem Dicks and another the Tom Dicky Bobs - until they come to Billy Quilliam and they all agree he has a "nice open face" etc.

Mrs. Cojeen.

I'm not able to see very well without me glasses. - But my gracious look at the clock, an' us wantin' to get home before dark. Come on Ma Margit.

Mrs. Kelly.

An' what hurry is there on yer? The night is only young yit.

Mrs. Charlett.

Deed an I mus' be makin a move too. Are yer goin up my way Nancy? we bes' go together.

Nancy.

Well I was thinkin' of goin' down to the harbour to see if I can see Betsy Cannell or -----

Margit

Juan Comaish? I wudden wase me time if I was you. Cum on mother.

(Mrs. Cojeen & Margit shake hands and go out)

Mrs. Kelly.

Come again soon Mrs. Cojeen - An' are you off too mistress Curlett? Well, min' the steps now, its makin a body stupid gain' goin' out of the light into the dark street. Dunt forget your umbrella! Oie vie, Oie Vie Nancy!

Mrs. Kelly.

Well they've gone - an' I went and blathered about Billy's Money afther all! I was that wile when it was out at me that I cud hev bit me tung. Well its no use cryin' over spilt milk - an' its northin'to be ashamed of anyway - But I cudden hev toul it to two wass ones than Cojeen's wife and Kirrie Curlett, for it'll be all over the Parish in the mornin'. I might as well hev put it in the "Guardian". Aw well! I'd batther go me ways out and feed the craythers. This cooth is Pitiful. It's goin to me very bones.

C U R T A I N.

